

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE
Woodstock, Vermont.

Printed Saturday Morning

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOODSTOCK NEWS

He Didn't Show 'em

Says the Brattleboro Phoenix:
The Woodstock Age, in recording the results of the first day of the fishing season in Windsor county, tells of one man who caught 63 trout. The legal catch in a single day is limited to five pounds or 80 ounces. Here, then, we have the proposition of 63 trout, each over six inches in length, and averaging a little over an ounce each in weight. Too thin.

Speed on the Local Track

An informal racing meet at the air ground track Monday afternoon proved interesting to the small audience, as it was a sort of tryout for some of the local sprinters, including stars of last season as well as newcomers. There's some mystery about them, and there's a suspicion that they can go some and are being quietly groomed for the fall campaign.

J. S. Hathorn was there with his black horse; T. J. White with a spotted horse, a new one; Carl Hathorn with Tiny, a well known performer; F. B. Dutton with a new one, a bay mare, showing signs of great speed; and D. J. Adams, driving a strawberry roan who had evidently heard the bell before.

Several exciting brushes took place, occasional bursts of speed eliciting tremendous applause. The Dutton horse beat Hathorn's Tiny, the latter trimming J. S. Hathorn's black horse in another set-to; while the strawberry roan had the best of Tom White's unknown, who seemed not unfamiliar with race track ways.

Regret was expressed that there were no Barnard horses on hand at this auspicious opening of the local racing season.

From a Comrade in Tennessee

The following letter was read at the Memorial day exercises at Music hall:

Iron City, Tenn., May 25, 1910.

To My Vermont Comrades:

The publication of the program of Memorial exercises for May 30 at Woodstock by Geo. C. Randall Post, G. A. R., in The Spirit of the Age, reminds me that there will be assembled some of the survivors of Co. B, 12th Regt., Capt. Ora A. Paul's company, who will remember the eventful night of March 8th, 1863, at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., the capture of General E. H. Stoughton by Mosby's band of Guerrillas.

I attach a copy of a letter I received from Col. Mosby of late date with the following explanation:

Noticing in the press a reunion of Mosby's command at Luray Cave, Va., Sept. 1st, 1909, I addressed a letter of thanks to the commander for his kindness in allowing the 2d Vermont Brigade Band to sleep undisturbed on that occasion, the members of the band having learned through the telegraph operator, who was made a prisoner temporarily, that the question of taking the band was discussed, the principal object in our capture being our fine set of instruments.

For years I had desired to express my appreciation to Col. Mosby and his men for their considerate decision in our favor, therefore embraced the opportunity alluded to by addressing a letter to Col. Mosby at Luray, Va., supposing that postoffice to be at or near the place of reunion, which was a mistake, as this reply indicates:

Bedford City, Va., Sept. 24, 1909.
Mr. H. P. Seavey, Iron City, Tenn.
Dear Sir:—Your letter of August 24, improperly addressed to Luray, Va., a place I never saw, was forwarded to me at Washington City where I am Atty. in the Department of the Interior. I am now here on a visit. I have a vivid recollection of the night of March 8, 1863, when I

rode into your lines without giving notice of my coming and carried off General Stoughton. I felt a great deal of sympathy with him on account of his misfortune, for he was greatly mortified, but he was not in the least to blame. Wyndom commanded the outposts. I found a gap in his picket lines and passed through unchallenged. The same thing might have happened to a general on either side if someone had been bold enough to try it. I was very glad to get your letter.

Very truly yours,
Jno. A. Mosby.

It was reported that Col. Mosby was in possession of the password in use on this eventful night by Wyndom's cavalry which was on guard at Fairfax Courthouse. The night was dark and rainy, Mosby's command was dressed in our army coats, knew our password, relieved our guards and placed their own men on guard, thus having the town at their mercy, proceeded to invite General E. H. Stoughton to take a midnight ride in the rain without giving him time to dress till they had reached a safe point beyond the picket lines. Our Infantry regiments, being encamped a mile or more from the town, knew nothing of the raid until morning. My recollection is that the 12th and 14th regiments were some miles distant, guarding a water ford, Wolf Run Shoals. The 13th, 15th and 16th were near Fairfax Courthouse, General Stoughton's headquarters, and the Brigade Band being in the town. I questioned Col. Mosby in reference to being in possession of our password. It will be noticed he makes no reference to it in his letter. It would give me great pleasure to be with you on May 30. With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,
H. P. Seavey,
Late Band Master, 2d Vt. Brigade.

Former Postmaster at W. R. Junction.

Captain Alexander W. Davis, one of the best known Grand Army men of Vermont and one of the oldest mail clerks in New England, died at his home in Glover Sunday.

On April 11, 1864, he was commissioned lieutenant in the 39th New York, composed of colored volunteers, led by white officers. Later he became captain of this company and remained in the service during a part of the reconstruction period, declining a proffered position in the regular army. He returned to Vermont and in 1882 entered the postal service, having at first the now obsolete run from Concord to Richford and afterwards becoming transfer clerk at White River Junction.

In 1884 he was appointed postmaster at White River Junction and he held the position four years.

A widow, Mrs. Caroline M. Davis, two sisters living in Iowa and one son, President Ora S. Davis, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, survive him.

It is too bad but it's true, that our farmers do not raise fat lambs enough to even supply the local demand.

Bring some good, fat, lambs to the fair of September 13-14-15 and see how quick they will sell for a fancy price.

The Democratic Convention

The democratic state convention will be held at St. Albans Tuesday, June 14, and the district conventions will be put on the same day at the same place.

The state committee met in Burlington Friday, May 28, and elected the following temporary officers: President, B. E. Bullard of Hardwick; secretary, M. G. Leary of Burlington; assistant secretaries, W. P. Hogan of Bennington and Frank Clark of Windsor; sergeant at arms, J. T. Sullivan of St. Albans; committee on resolutions, P. M. Meldon of Rutland, V. A. Bullard of Burlington, C. W. Watson of St. Albans, H. B. Howe of St. Johnsbury. F. S. Platt of Brattleboro, F. M. Bryan of Montpelier.

The platform drawn up by the committees will be published in newspapers previous to the convention.

John Senter and Other Democratic Warhorses

A Burlington dispatch to the Boston American says in relation to the Democratic situation and the gubernatorialship:
"Some of the Younger Democrats of Vermont—yes, indeed, there are such—are hoping that Harland Bradley Howe of St. Johnsbury will reconsider. The Younger Democrats want H. B. H. to run for Governor. They have asked him to. In the meantime, the Grover Cleveland Club is going straight ahead with its plans just as if there were no Younger Democrats in Vermont. The Younger Democrats are full of fight. They would like—just for once—a whoop 'em up fight and a red fire campaign. The Grover Cleveland boys have no time for that sort of nonsense.

"There are not so many of them left around Vermont, but they've got the Democratic machine in their hands and they propose to hold on and see what these young squirts mean to do about it.

"Let's see, how many are there left? Well, Brad Smalley has gone, but there's Vernon Alvord Bullard, of Burlington, there's John Henry Senter of Montpelier and there's Emory S. Harris of Bennington.

"Who John Senter is cannot be told in any ordinary newspaper paragraph. John is just as set as Joe Cannon, but the Younger Democrats love him. He believes in the old Democracy as religiously as some of the youngsters believe in the new. All over Vermont they tell you there is not an abler gentleman of the law within his boundaries. You hear 'John Senter' stories here, there and everywhere. What John Senter said about 'it' the other day—makes no matter what 'it' was—is listened to with respect and interest in hotels, state house, law offices, court rooms and general stores.

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding, John Henry is of the old school and a warhorse of the machine. Mr. Senter is sixty-two. He has been practicing law thirty-one years. In the first Cleveland administration he was a national bank examiner. In the second he got away with the United States district attorneyship. Brad Smalley was the leader and John a faithful if able follower."

NORTH POMFRET.

Miss Chase, teacher in Hewittville school, spent the Memorial day recess at her home in Hartland and Miss Burdette spent hers with her parents in Claremont.

Albert Sherburne was away last week visiting in Connecticut and New York.

Carl Jones and wife of Sharon were with Mrs. May Tinkham last Wednesday.

Will Whipple of White Plains, N. Y., was with his parents from Friday until Monday.

Rae Leonard has returned from her winter's work in Upton.

Miss Ruth Clifford has been visiting in Concord and Manchester, and with her sister returns home this week.

Mr. Bancroft of Calais was at C. P. Thacher's recently.

June Fairbanks of Amsden has been in town for a few days.

A. R. Roberts has bought the Orvis Clifford farm.

We understand that the race purses for the fair of September 13-14-15 will be \$200, and \$300 each. These ought to bring some good horses and insure good races.

SHERBURNE

Mrs. Jason Warner and Miss Lena Warner of Benson have been visiting at J. S. Warner's the past week.

Walter Wilson is moving his family to New Boston, where they are to keep the mill boarding house.

Herbert L. Bates of Rutland was a Sunday guest at Ed. Currier's.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Spaulding were with friends and relatives at West Bridgewater last Sunday.

Mrs. J. J. May of Rochester was in the place the first of the week.

Nelson Hansaw of Schenectady, N. Y., was the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. S. Warner, a part of this week.

HARTLAND.

Miss Zilla Wood has returned to Manchester, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Buckman and daughter Annie recently visited relatives in Windsor and Plainfield.

Mrs. E. F. Spear has returned from a visit in Springfield last week.

Harry Davis is chauffeur for D. W. Burrows of Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay G. Underwood attended the Southern Windsor County athletic meet at Springfield, May 27.

Ruth and Howard Hoisington of Springfield were week end guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Royce.

Friends sent Mrs. Mary M. Hill a shower of post cards for her natal day, May 25.

Mrs. Eva Paige and Eugene of West Lebanon were visitors at P. P. Waters' the first of the week.

Jay G. Underwood has just closed a very successful business season as salesman for the Beacon Falls Rubber Co.

L. I. Walker and son, Clayton Walker and wife of Bellows Falls spent Sunday at Plymouth.

Mrs. Furber spent Sunday with her son in Woodstock.

Misses Marion and Emmeline Webster, Mary Hatch, Olive White and Rena Jenne, students in the Woodstock High school, spent their vacation with their parents.

The pupils of the Grout school gave the following Pre-Memorial day program, May 27: Song, Scatter the Flowers, school; recitation, Flag Song, Emma Hoisington; recitation, Flag of America, Ralph Wood; song, America, school; recitation, Our Flag is Advancing, Dwight Walker; recitation, God Bless Our Glorious Flag, Carl Wood; song, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, school; recitation, Our Heroes, Bertha Hoisington; recitation, The Soldier Boy, Charlotte Walker; recitation, The Schoolhouse Flag, Harland Hoisington; Song, Liberty's Safeguard, Emma and Bertha Hoisington. Mrs. J. E. Johnston, teacher.

The Hartland base ball nine was defeated by the North Hartland team at North Hartland May 28.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Spear, son Hadley and daughter Frances of Woodstock spent Sunday in town.

The Memorial exercises were held in the M. E. church at 10.30 a. m. Rev. H. A. Miles delivered an able address, recitations by the school children, excellent music by a double quartette, under the direction of Miss Florence H. Sturtevant.

The M. E. Church was filled to overflowing with veterans, their sons daughters and friends Sunday, May 29, to listen to the Memorial sermon by the pastor, H. A. Miles.

A tennis tournament had been planned for Memorial day by the Y. M. C. A. of Hartland, supported by the county committee. This was only partially carried out, on account of the many other events of the day, also because of the uncertain weather in the morning. The only game which was completed was the boys' singles, which ended in a close game between Raymond Howe and Eddie Richardson. Raymond Howe won the silver medal. The other games of the tournament will be announced in season so that all who wish to compete may have due notice.

Fatal Auto Accident at Bennington.

As the result of a collision between a trolley car and an automobile near the Vermont Soldiers' Home at Bennington early Monday evening, one man was killed, another man and a woman will probably die, and two women are seriously injured.

The dead man is Henry L. Knapp, 40 years old, a saloon keeper of Bennington, and the injured are: William D. Newton, 60 years old, proprietor of a garage at Bennington, badly cut about the head, internal injuries, may die; Kate McGuire, of Bennington, 38 years old, two ribs broken, head cut, internal injuries, probably will die; Mrs. Kate Knapp of Bennington, 42 years old, one broken rib, head and face cut, will recover; Miss Mary Flatley of Bennington, 22 years old, jaw broken, face cut, will recover.

Special offer on page four

The Little Green Auto

It Brought Great Joy into the Lives of Two People

By ALICE E. ALLEN

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Why I first watched for that particular automobile I don't know—perhaps because it was dark green instead of red, perhaps because there was room in it for only two people.

Perhaps, though, the real reason why I watched the little green automobile was because of the man who drove it.

The hour after the green automobile passed our porch was the best one I had all day, because, you see, I was well and strong, like other people, and I rode away in the green automobile.

Always I wore a pretty long coat—warm days it was soft and silky, and cold days it was soft and furry—and the prettiest hat and a pale blue veil with long ends, just like the other ladies in their autos. Really, though, after I once flew away round the corner and along the smooth, broad road beyond I never once thought again of what I wore, for there was the country. Sometimes the road wound between beautiful wind blown meadows, daisies and tall grasses; sometimes it led itself in tangles of sweet, moist woods; sometimes it ran down hills and across bridges only to climb other hills with other sunny spaces, other patches of woodland and other hills beyond.

Of course I was too old to play such things. But if one hasn't walked a step in five years and never can walk again one has to imagine things sometimes.

Then came the day when Billy, the little boy next door, fell asleep in the middle of the road. I called and called, but I couldn't wake him, nor make his mother in the next house hear, nor any mother, nor any one. And then, just as I knew it would, the green automobile came flashing round the corner from the city.

I leaned out as far as I could. I waved my blue shawl. The man in the automobile must have been looking my way that time, for almost at once he stopped, pointed to Billy, jumped out of the car, picked Billy up just as carefully and laid him on the grass under the maple tree. Then he lifted his cap to me, and away he went in the little green auto.

Well, the very next day the green automobile ran so slowly past our house I almost thought it was going to stop. Billy was playing under the tree. The man in the auto called to him and handed him a large square package. Then he lifted his cap to me again, and away he went round the corner out into the country.

Billy came running to me.

"Mister said," said Billy, handing me the package, "ter give this ter you."

"To me?"

"Yep, fer the little goll on the porch, mister said. An' he giv me a dime."

I opened the package. There were two beautiful books bound in blue and full of colored pictures.

Three days later Billy brought me another package. In it was the loveliest doll, all in soft blue, with forget-me-not blue eyes and golden brown curls.

"You must give it back," said mother. Her voice was so stern I scarcely knew it was mother's. Then I cried. It was bad enough to have no way of thanking the man in the automobile. I couldn't bear to hurt his feelings by giving back the doll. And by and by mother said, "Well, well, Kathie, never mind this time!"

Then one day, long before the usual time, when I was sitting in the sun, I heard an auto coming. Somehow I knew it was the auto. I tried to move, but I couldn't. And Billy had gone home. The next thing I knew the man in the auto had stopped in front of our house.

"Hello, little bluebird!" he cried. "Fly down here and have a ride with me."

I shook my head.

"You're not a bluebird? Well, never mind. Run down, then, and take a nice ride with me. I like little girls."

"But I'm not a little girl at all," I cried. "I'm eighteen years old, and I'm taller than mother."

The man in the automobile laughed. "Jump up and show me," he said.

"It's true," I said, "but I can't show you 'cause I'm lame."

What do you suppose happened? The man jumped straight out of his auto. He came up our narrow little walk. The next minute he was on our porch. He was ever so much bigger and stronger and taller than I'd thought. He almost filled the space back of the vines. He looked down at me, very little and lame and ashamed there in my wheel chair.

Off came his cap.

"I'm so sorry," he said. For a minute he didn't say anything else, just stood looking down at me. Then he went on: "You just must forgive me somehow. I was rude, impertinent, stupid, everything I ought not to have been."

"You thought I was a little girl?" I said.

"I wasn't so far wrong there, was I? You're a grownup little girl, that's all. But what did you do with the doll and the picture books, Miss?"

"Kathleen," I said before I thought. There had never been any one to call

me Miss Lester. How could I remember?

But before I could say another word mother came. She saw the man, the auto, my red face. Her eyes fairly blazed. What could I do?

The man smiled down at me. Then I knew that I hadn't anything to do about it. How he managed it I don't know, but in five minutes he had explained everything, and he sat on the steps, with mother near by in the little rocker. And they were talking together like old friends.

Next day it was past 4 o'clock and the little auto hadn't come. I was beginning to feel so disappointed. Then I saw a big red car with a top and room in it for four or five people come proudly around the corner from the city. On the back seat was a lady with a lovely gray veil. She looked my way and smiled.

The auto stopped in front of our house. Up the walk came the lady.

"You are Miss Kathleen Lester?" she said. She took both my hands. "I am Wright Engleby's sister."

Then I remembered that Wright Engleby was the man in the little green auto. And there he was in the big red auto lifting his cap and smiling in just the friendliest way.

"Put on some wraps, please, Kathleen," said Wright Engleby's sister. "You and mother, too, are going to ride with us."

When I was ready Mr. Wright Engleby picked me up in his arms and carried me down the walk and set me in the big red auto. And the next minute he and his sister and mother and I were all flying away around the curve.

After that there were many rides—the four of us, and sometimes Billy scrubbed till he shone. But one day, instead of the big red car, up to our house came the little green one. Somehow it looked like an old friend.

Mother kissed me. Then Mr. Wright Engleby carried me out and put me in the car.

On and on we went till we came to streets that were crowded full of big motorcars and little ones, trolley cars and trucks and cabs and all sorts of vehicles. In one place there was such a jam we had to stop and wait.

In the midst of all the noise and hurry the man in the automobile put one big hand over both mine.

"You will walk again and be well and strong," he said, "but just as you are now, little girl, I want to tell you something. I love you. Will you remember?"

All through those long weeks in the hospital, when I was too sick and tired and discouraged and homesick to remember anything else, I thought of the man in the little green auto.

When at last I was a little better Mr. Wright Engleby came to see me often, with flowers and fruits.

"No more dolls," he laughed. "You are quite grown up now. Kathleen Marvin."

Sometimes his sister came and sometimes mother. And I had a lovely white capped nurse who took splendid care of me. And every other day almost the great surgeon spent an hour or so with me. By and by he told me I could go home.

He told me something else too. But I begged him so hard not to tell any one else that he promised not to. And the nurse promised too.

The man in the auto and his sister took me home. He carried me up the walk and set me down in my old chair back of the vines.

Mother cried over me a little. Then she and Wright Engleby's sister went into the house.

Mr. Wright Engleby came close to me. He towered over me, strong and big and handsome.

"Remember, little girl?" he said.

I nodded. I could scarcely bear the sorry look in his eyes.

"Just as you are, I told you then, dear, and just as you are I want you to. Tomorrow you and mother and Annie and I will take a ride in the red auto. Do you remember a little church which stands all by itself in some evergreen trees across a bridge beyond a little village?"

Again I nodded.

"The clergyman is a friend of mine. I've told him about you, and he will be ready. Will you?"

"Not tomorrow," I said—"the day after if you wish."

He smiled. Then he and his sister went away.

Next day I sat behind the vines and waited. I wore my blue linen gown, the pretty silky coat Wright Engleby's sister had given me on my birthday and a big, floppy hat, with a blue veil.

By and by I saw the little green auto coming. Then I did just what the great surgeon and the nurse had made me do over and over again. I stood up on my two feet. I waved mother away. I crept across the porch back of the vines. When the auto stopped in front of the house I stood quite alone on the steps of the porch.

I threw a kiss to the man in the auto. Then I did what the surgeon had told me I could—I walked straight down the walk toward the little green auto. Halfway the man met me.

"Not!" I cried. "Don't touch me, please."

I walked, almost running, to Billy's house and back. I would have been walking yet with the joy of it had not the man caught me up and set me down in the auto, away, away, away it flew straight into the heart of the glad green country.

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THE Elm Tree Press WOODSTOCK VERMONT

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